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Four Old Christmas Carols





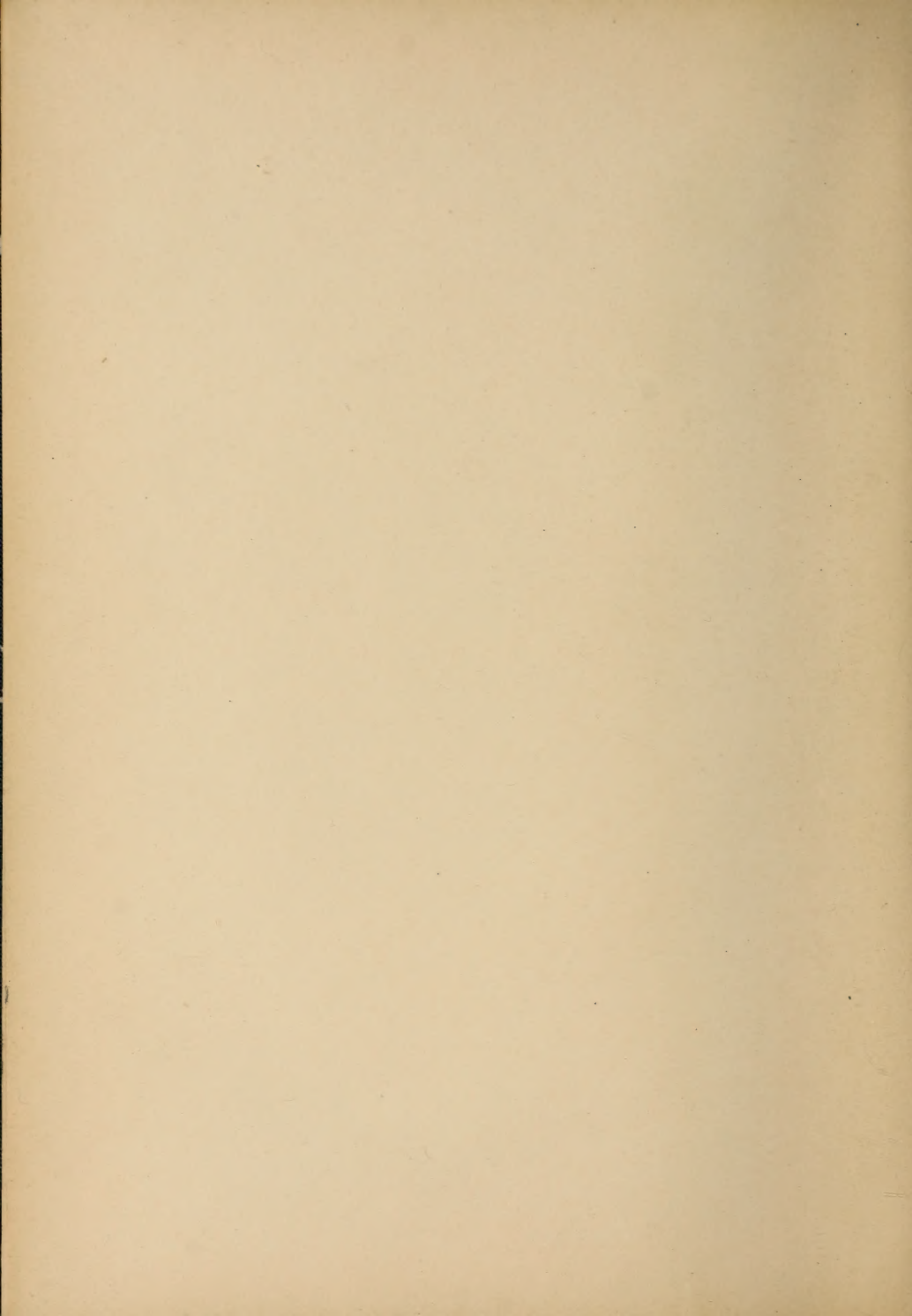
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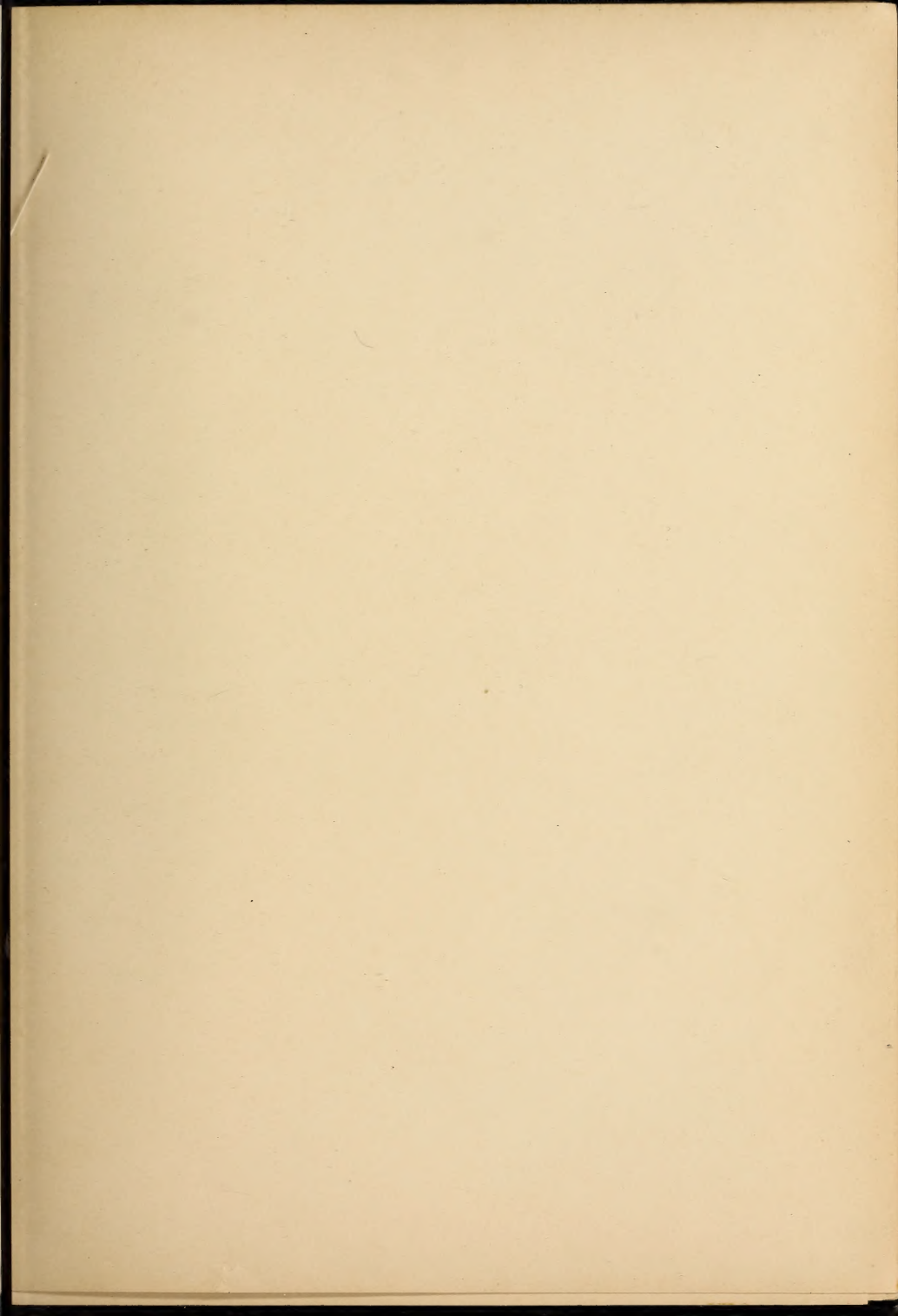
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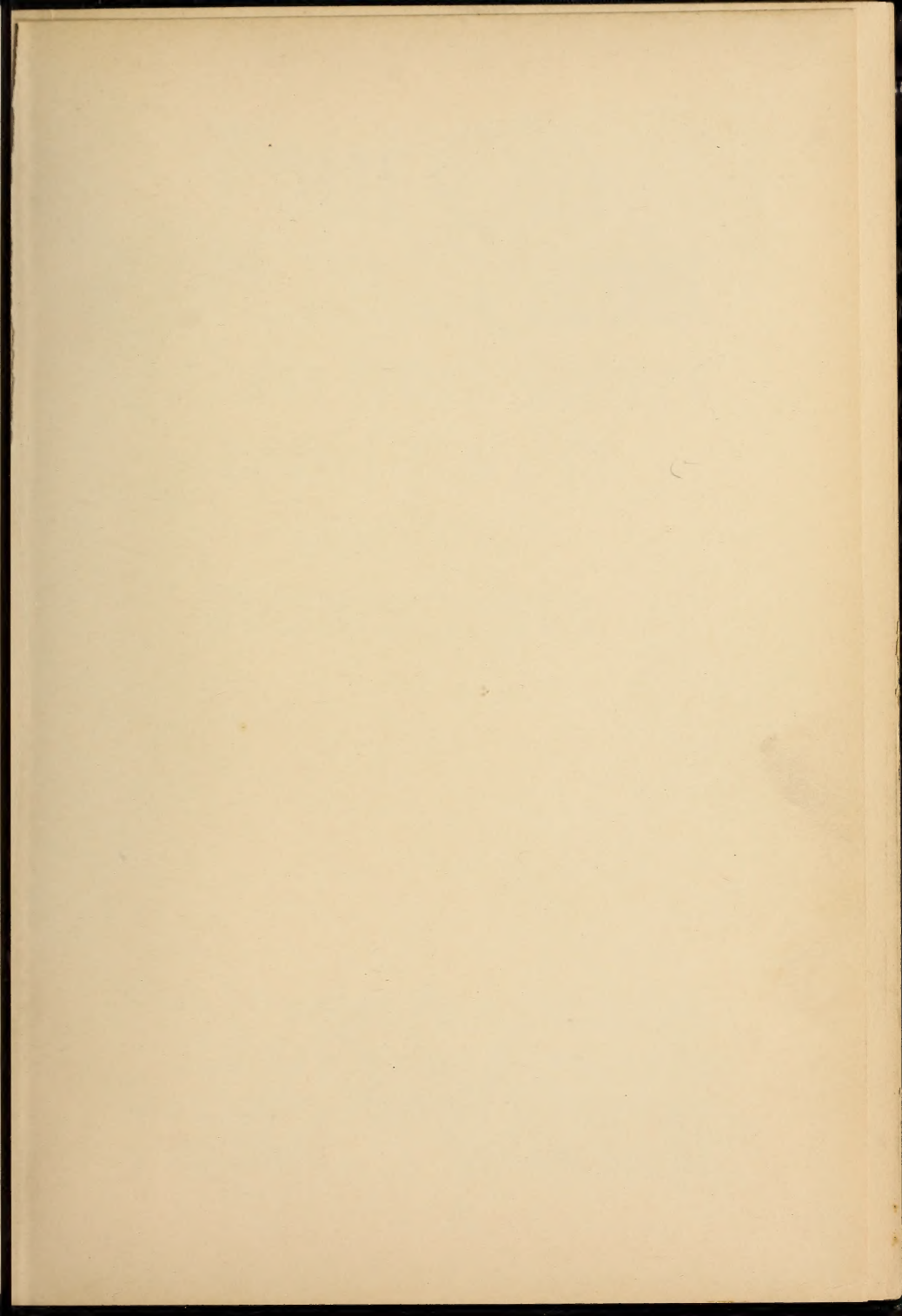
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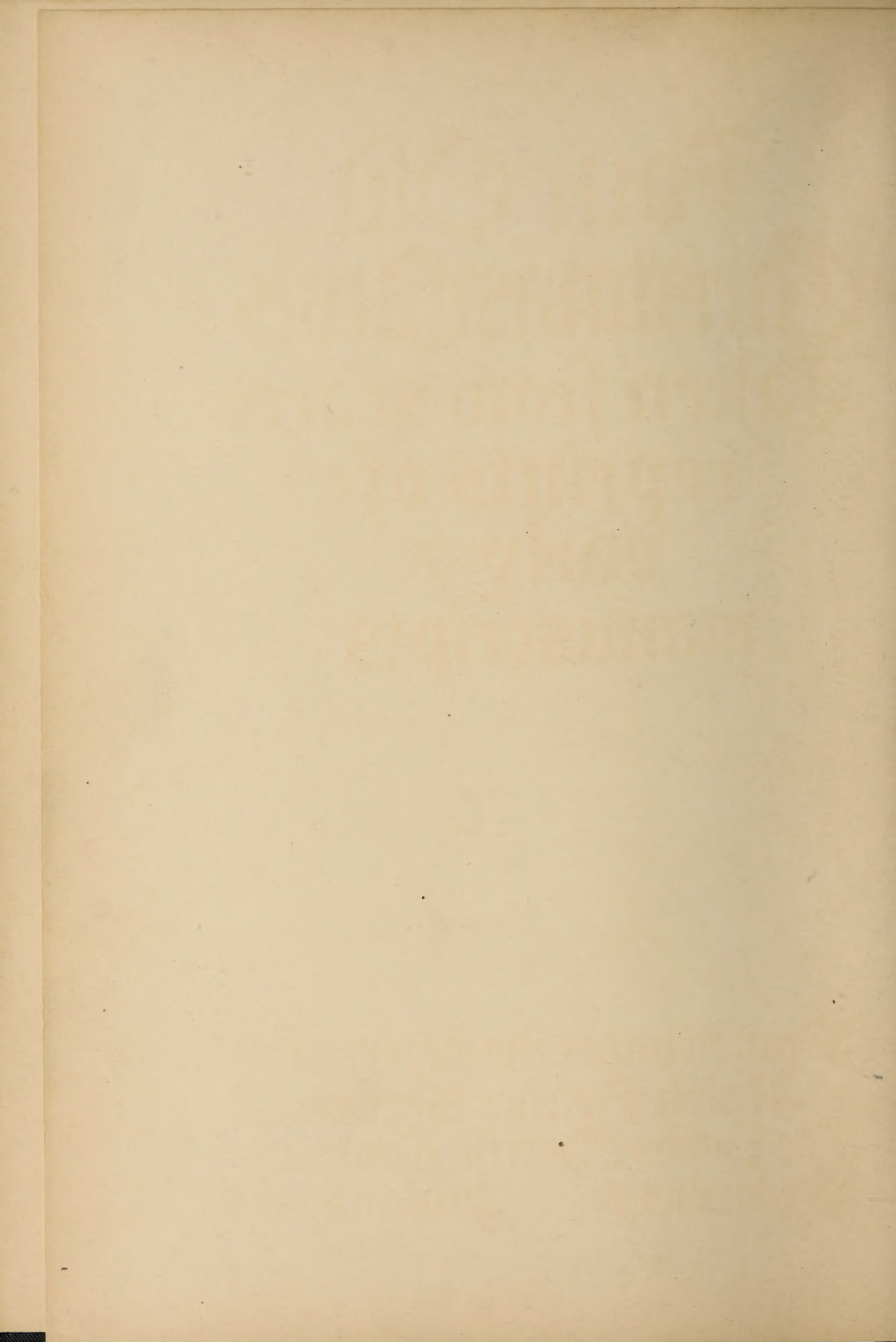
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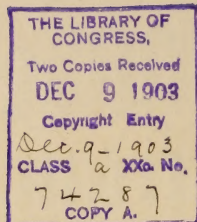




Four Old
Christmas Carols
Taken from scarce
reprints of
early
manuscripts

Printed under the supervision
of Ralph Fletcher Seymour for
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Ralph Fletcher Seymour

In Excelsis Gloria

Harleian MS Early MC.





CHRISTO PAREMUS
CANTICAM
EXCELSIS
GLORIA



When Cryst was
born of Mary fre
In Bethlehem,
that fayr cyte,

Angells sang with myrth & gle
in excelsis gloria

Herdmen beheld thes angellis
bryght,

To them apperyd wyth gret lyght,
And sayd, "Goddys sone is
born this nyght
in excelsis gloria

Thys keng ys comyn to save kynde
As in scripturas we fynde,
Therfore this song have we in
mynde,

in excelsis gloria

Then Lord, for thy gret grace,
Graunt us the blys to se thy face,
Where we may sing to thy
solas,

in excelsis gloria

So blessid be the tyme

Sloane MS



A NEW year, a new
year, a chyld was i-born,
Us for to savyn that
al was for-lorn,

So blessid be the tyme;

The fader of hevene his owyn
sone he sent,

His kyngdom for to cleydyn

So blessid be the tyme;

All in a clene maydyn our Lord
was i-lyght

Us for to savyn with al his myght,

So blessid be the tyme,

All of a clene maydyn our Lord
was i-born

Us for to savyn that was forlorn;

So blessid be the tyme
Lullay Lullay; lytil chylde, myn
own dere fode,

How shalt thou sufferin be naylid
on the rode?

So blessid be the tyme
Lullay Lullay; lytil chylde, I synge
for thy sake,

Many one is the scharpe schour
to thy body is schape.

So blessid be the tyme.

Lullay, Lullay; lytil chylð, myn
owyn dere smerte,
How shalt thou sufferin the sharp
spere to the herte?

So blessid be the tyme;

Lullay, Lullay; lytil chylð fayre
happis the be-falle
How shalt thou sufferin to
drynke eeryl and galle:

So blessid be the tyme

Lullay, Lullay; lytil chylð, I syng
al be-forn,
How shalt thou sufferin the
sharp garlong of thorn?

Lullay, Lullay; lytil chylð,
why wepy thou so sore,
Art thou not God and Man in
one, what woldyst thou be more?

So blessid be the tyme.

Blyssid be the moder: the chylð
also:


Wyth bene dicamus Domino:

So blessid be the tyme

The III Kynges

Harleian MS Time of Henry VII



ow is Crystemas
y-cum,
Fadyr and son
togedyr in won.

Holy Goste, as ye be won,
in fere-a

God sende us a goode new year-a

I would you synge for and I might
Off a chylde so fayre in syght,
hys modyr hym bare thys yndyr's nyght
so styлле-a

And as yt was hys wylle-a

There cam iii kynges fro Galylee
Into Bethleem, that fayre cyte,
To sike hym that ever shulde be
by ryght - a
Lord and kyng and knyght - a

As they cam forth wyth there
offrynge,
They met wyth Herode, that
moody kyng,
thys tyde - a
And thys to them he sayde - a

Off wens be ye, you kynges iii?"

“Off the Este, as ye may see,
To seke hym that ever shulde be
by ryght - a
Lorde and kyng and knyght - a

“**W**hen you at thys chylde have be,
Cum home ageyne to me,
Telle me the syghts that you
have see,

I pray yow,
Go you no nodyr way - a”

They tbke her leve both olde
and yonge

Off Herode that moody kyng
They went forth wyth ther
offrynge

by lyght-a
By the sterre that shoon so bryght-a

Tyll they cam into the place
Where Ihesu & hys modyr was.
Offryd they up wyth grete solace
in fere - a

Golde and sence and myrrre-a

The fader of hevyn an awngylle
down sent

To those iii kynges that made present
thys tyde - a

And thys to them he sayd - a

My lorde have warnyd you
everychone

By herode Kyng you go not home;
For and you do, he wylle you
sone

and strye - a

And herte you wondyrly - a

Forth then wente thys kynges iii
Tyll they cam home to ther cuntry,

Glad and blythe they were alle iii
Off the syghts that they had see
by dene - a

The cumpany was clene - a

Knele we now here a-down,
Pray we in good devocioun
To the kyng of grete ronown
of grace - a
In hevyn to have a place - a

Wolcum Pule

Sloane MS. About time of Henry VI



Wolcum be thou,
hevene kyng
Wolcum, born in
a mornenyng.

Wolcum, for love we shall syng,
Wolcum, yule

Wolcum be ye, Stefne and Ion,
Wolcum Innocentes everychon
Wolcum Thomas Martir on,
Wolcum, yule

Wolcum be ye, good new yere
Wolcum twelthe day both in fere

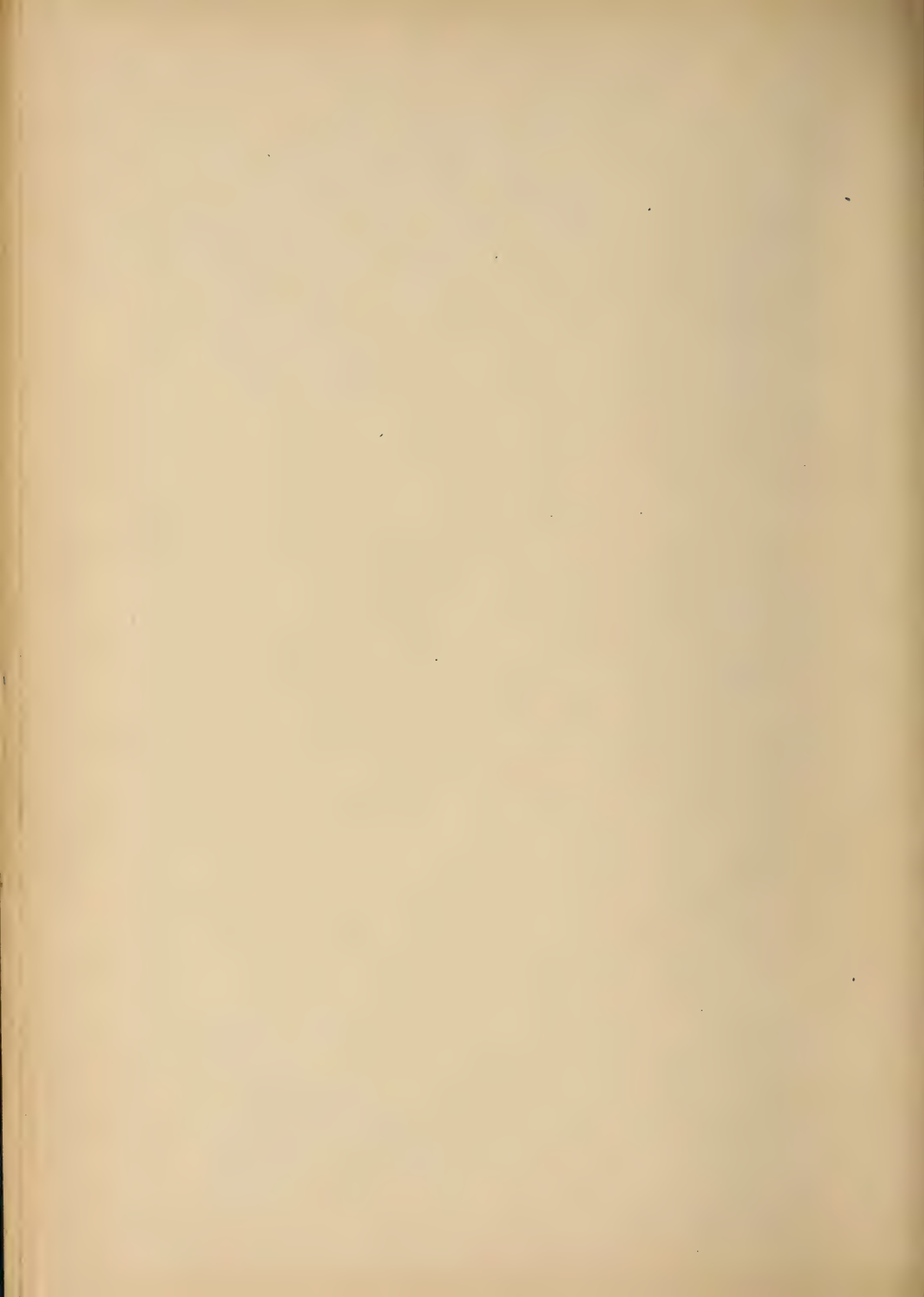
Wolcum, seyntes lif and dere,
Wolcum yule

Wolcum, be ye, Can-dylmesse
Wolcum be ye, quyn of blys,
Wolcum to the, more and lesse,
Wolcum .yule,

Wolcum be ye that arn here,
Wolcum alle and wyth good chere
Wolcum alle an other yere,
Wolcum yule,







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